

BATMAN #571

BANE ARC GOIN' DOWNTOWN PART ONE (OF TWO) "THE VAULT"

CHUCK DIXON, STORY
SOME GUY, PENCILS
SOME OTHER GUY, INKS

DENNY O'NEIL, THE MAN
JOE ILLIDGE, THE OTHER MAN

PAGE ONE

SPLASH

A bunch of Bandidos are threatening an off page character with chains and knives and blackpowder handguns. The Bandidos are a vaguely Latino motorcycle gang. Real tough guys with tattoos and painful looking body piercing and stuff like that. VERY rough looking bunch. But some of them look scared. One of them is a very tough looking girl with close cropped black hair and a pair of butterfly knives. She's Cuban or Puerto Rican.

TITLE:

BANDIDO 1: BACK **OFF**, *ESE*.

BANDIDO 2: YOU'RE **OUTNUMBERED**, *AMIGO*.

BANDIDO 3: (THIS GUY LOOKS SCARED) yih-yih-YOU CAN'T KILL US **ALL**.

PAGES TWO AND THREE

BIG SPREAD

Bane WADES into the Bandidos. Tight composition. He is shouldering them aside with his bulk as he gets a grip on the faces of two of them and shoves them into their buddies with concusive force. Guns go off with wild shots. The girl is shoved aside.

BANE: NO.

BANE: NOT **ALL**.

INSET PANEL

Bane stands over the fallen bikers who lie about him dead on a cracked concrete floor. The girl is seated on the floor holding her head. We see now that this scene took place in a huge lobby type area of some office building. The place has been trashed after a year of the Bandidos calling it home. Graffiti marks the walls with LOS BANDIDOS spelled out in huge letters somewhere.

BANE: I NEED **ONE** OF YOU ALIVE.

BANE: BUT **ONLY** ONE.

PAGE FOUR

PANEL ONE

Bane looms over the girl. Her name is Ladonna. She is seated on the floor and moving away from him.

BANE: I AM **BANE**.

LADONNA: I **KNOW** WHO YOU ARE. YOU USED TO **RUN** GOTHAM.

LADONNA: **USED** TO.

PANEL TWO

She's come up with one of those butterfly knives but Bane catches her wrist in one of his huge hands. She looks pained as she drops the knife.

BANE: DO **NOT** TRY MY PATIENCE.

LADONNA: owch!

BANE: YOU MEAN **NOTHING** TO ME. YOUR **SEX** DID NOT SPARE YOU.

PANEL THREE

She rubs her wrist and watches as she walks back into the darkness of the building.

LADONNA: WHAT **DID** SPARE ME, *VATO*?

BANE: YOU OFFERED THE LEAST THREAT.

LADONNA: hunh.

BANE: FOLLOW ME.

PANEL FOUR

Bane holds what looks like a TV remote crossed with a pocket calculator. He stands before a featureless section of marble wall with Ladonna behind him. He taps keys on the remote.

LADONNA: WA'S THAT?

BANE: BE QUIET OR I WILL FIND ANOTHER "VOLUNTEER".

SFX: (TINY) dit dit dit deet

PAGE FIVE

PANEL ONE

A section of wall opens like a massive door. Some dust comes down as it opens. Ladonna steps back in surprise.

LADONNA: **WHOAP!**

LADONNA: WHERE'D **THAT** COME FROM?

BANE: IN ALL THE TIME THAT YOUR COMPADRES OCCUPIED THIS BUILDING...

PANEL TWO

They move inside the door to see a long set of steps descending into a dark corridor. Bane pushes Ladonna ahead of him.

BANE: ...YOU **NEVER** SUSPECTED WHAT LAY BENEATH YOUR FEET.

LADONNA: HEY! DON'T NEED TO GET **PUSHY!**

BANE: YOU WILL GO **FIRST.**

PANEL THREE

She stands on the dark steps with a hand on one wall and looks ahead nervously.

LADONNA: I DON'T **LIKE** THIS.

LADONNA: I CAN'T SEE ANY--

PANEL FOUR

Her booted foot touches a bunch of human bones in some rotting clothes.

OFF PANEL: oh!

PANEL FIVE

Low angle shot. A human skull bounces down the stairs from where she's frozen in fear. Bane is a half dozen steps behind her. More skeletal remains lie on the stairs in the foreground.

BANE: THIS PASSAGE IS SET WITH TRAPS.

BANE: **YOU** ARE MY JUDAS GOAT.

LADONNA: aw man...

PAGE SIX

PANEL ONE

She ducks in fear as a gun swings from an opening hatch in the all.
It's a robot gun on an armature.

LADONNA: **YOW!**

SFX: t-chik!

PANEL TWO

Bane stands behind her as she leans against the wall with a hand to her heart and looks stressed. The wall around her is bullet riddled. The gun aims at her from the armature with dust falling from it.

BANE: OUT OF AMMUNITION.

LADONNA: woo.

BANE: OUR SKELETAL FRIENDS TOOK THE **TEETH** FROM THIS TRAP.

SFX: shak! shak! shak!

PANEL THREE

He stands on a landing at the foot of the steps where a steel door is set into a concrete wall. She stands on the bottom steps and watches. He punches keys on the remote.

LADONNA: LOOKS LIKE A SAFE. THERE'S **MONEY** IN THERE?

BANE: FAR MORE VALUABLE THAN THAT.

SFX: (TINY) dit deet dit deet

PANEL FOUR

We look down a row of shelving in the dark vault as the door slides open with Bane and Ladonna standing in the light outside the door.

LADONNA: DID **YOU** HIDE ALL THIS DOWN HERE?

BANE: THE MAN I WORK FOR HAD THIS PLACED HERE FAR BENEATH THE STREET.

BANE: A MAN PREPARED FOR **ANY** TOMORROW.

PANEL FIVE

Bane in close shot as he moves into the vault.

BANE: A MAN WHO WANTS TO OWN **ALL** OF GOTHAM CITY'S TOMMORROWS.

BANE: FOR NOW HIS PLANS ARE UNCLEAR TO ME; HIS NAME **UNKNOWN** TO ME.

PAGE SEVEN

PANEL ONE

Large panel. They walk into a vault that is now brightly lit. It is stacked with steel crates. Some massive weapons sit on bipods and tripods around the room. Ladonna looks around with amazement.

LADONNA: *CHIDO...*

LADONNA: IF ONLY THE 'MANOS KNEW ABOUT THIS. THE **HELL** THEY COULDA' RAISED.

BANE: THEY WOULD HAVE **SPENT** IT IN POINTLESS CARNAGE.

PANEL TWO

He turns to her as she smirks, lifting a fragmentation grenade from a box of them.

LADONNA: AND WHAT'RE **YOU** GONNA DO WITH IT?

BANE: I WILL SPEND IT IN **MEANINGFUL** CARNAGE.

LADONNA: YOU GONNA START A **WAR**?

PANEL THREE

Bane in close shot as he holds up a massive weapon that's a large caliber machine gun wedded with a grenade launcher.

BANE: I'M GOING TO **END** ONE.

PANEL FOUR

Scene change.

Batman's gloved fist holds out a fire ax to a weasely looking guy who stares at in in fear and regret. The hand and ax come from the extreme foreground. Very powerful and threatening.

OFF PANEL: DO IT.

WEASEL: (SMALL, WEAK) aw...

OFF PANEL: **NOW**.

PAGE EIGHT

PANEL ONE

LARGE PANEL

Pullback. The weasel is chopping at the vat of a homemade still in the basement of a brick building. Liquid gushes out. Vapor rises from where it hits the floor. There's plastic jugs everywhere. Batman and Batgirl stand watching. The weasel is crying.

WEASEL: JUST BREWIN' UP SOME GIN.

WEASEL: MAKIN' PEOPLE HAPPY.

BATMAN: MAKING PEOPLE **BLIND**.

BATMAN: I'M STOPPING YOU BEFORE YOU MAKE SOMEONE **DEAD**.

PANEL TWO

Batgirl watches as Batman gets a hold of the little weasel and slaps the ax from his hands.

BATMAN: YOU BUILD ANOTHER STILL AND I'LL **KNOW** ABOUT IT.

BATMAN: FIND ANOTHER LINE OF WORK.

WEASEL: (SMALL, WEAK) yup. I'll **do** that.

PANELTHREE

The pair climbs a rickety stairs leading from the basement leaving the weasel crying in the puddle of spilled mash in the basement.

BATGIRL: WE'RE DOWN TO **THIS**?

BATMAN: SOMETHING HAS TO BREAK. SOMETHING **BIG**.

BATGIRL: THIS MYSTERIOUS **OUTSIDER**? I DON'T **SEE** IT.

PANEL FOUR

Batman stands with a batarang and jumpline in hand looking serious.

BATMAN: GOTHAM IS TOO RIPE A PRIZE EVEN IN ITS CURRENT ISOLATION. I'VE SEEN THE SIGNS.

BATMAN: SOMEONE FROM OUTSIDE IS MAKING THINGS HAPPEN IN THE CITY.

PAGE NINE

PANEL ONE

Batman swings up into the night between two buildings. Batgirl is swinging a jumpline over her head preparing to launch it.

BATGIRL: WHAT DO WE DO **NOW**?

BATMAN: WE HOPE THEY SHOW THEIR HAND.

BATMAN: THEY HAVE TO COME INTO THE LIGHT AT **SOME** POINT.

PANEL TWO

Ladonna struggles down a street lugging a big steel case in both hands. She's really having a hard time with it.

CAPTION: "AND WE'LL BE **THERE**."

LADONNA: HEY---THIS THING'S GETTIN'---

LADONNA: --**HEAVY**!

PANELTHREE

Bane turns to her. He has a big ass Gatling gun type deal over one shoulder with a belt of ammo attached to a circular ammo drum on his back. Governor Ventura wore one of these rigs in PREDATOR. He also has a large automatic pistol shoved into his belt. Ladonna leans on the case panting for breath. They are in the middle of broad avenue.

BANE: IT IS TOO HEAVY FOR YOU?

LADONNA: *ES---gasp--VERDAD, VATO.*

BANE: PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE CHOSEN ONE OF YOUR **BRAWNIER** *COMPADRES*.

LADONNA: GUESS SO.

PANEL FOUR

She looks up to see his hand holding the pistol to her head. Her eyes are wide.

OFF PANEL: DO NOT GIVE ME CAUSE TO **REGRET** MY DECISION.

LADONNA: (WEAK) ulp.

PANEL FIVE

He continues down the street with her struggling behind him the case in her arms.

BANE: COME ALONG.

BANE: WE ARE ON A TIMETABLE.

PANEL SIX Figures spy from rooftops as Bane and Ladonna pass beneath. The figures run along the ledge like roofrats.

BANE: AND **NOTHING** CAN DELAY US.

PAGE TEN

PANEL ONE

Bane and Ladonna turn at a voice.

OFF PANEL: YO.

OFF PANEL: **TOO-TALL.**

PANEL TWO

Bane and Ladonna stand as LOTS of scurvy looking young punks come out of alleys and windows and standing on ledges above. They have chains and bats and a few shotguns sprinkled here and there. These are what's left of the Falsefacers. They have Bane and Ladonna surrounded.

FALSE 1: YOU THINK YOU CAN JUST **CRUISE** THROUGH HERE?

FALSE 1: THERE'S A **TOLL.**

BANE: WHAT IS THE **PRICE** OF THIS TOLL?

PANEL THREE

Falsefacer 1 grins hideously with others crowding around him.

FALSE 1: EVERYTHING YOU **GOT.**

FALSE 1: AND **THEN** SOME.

PANEL FOUR

Ladonna looks stunned as Bane opens up with the gatling gun. Upshot dramatic angle as he sweeps the weapon in an arc. The muzzleflash is tremendous and empty shellcasings come cascading from the gun in a smoking stream.

SFX: **VRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!**

PAGE ELEVEN

PANEL ONE

Hoods along the edge of a roof go flying as the stream rakes the building with enormous collateral damage. Brick dust and wood shards explode as the building is peppered.

PANEL TWO

Low angle shot. Hoods fly toward us as they're blasted off their feet with Bane crouched to hammer at them with the gatling. Ladonna has dropped the case and holds her hands to her ears.

PANEL THREE

Hoods are blasted as bullets stream through a derelict car along the sidewalk.

PANEL FOUR

Bane stands over a heap of dead Falsefacers and flips playing cards on them from a deck held in his hand. In his other hand he holds the massively smoking gatling gun. Ladonna squints and shouts at him, hands still over ears.

LADONNA: **YOU'RE CRAZY!**

LADONNA: **WHAT ARE YOU DOING?**

BANE: I AM **MULTIPLYING** MY EFFORTS.

PANEL FIVE

Downshot of heaped Falsefacers. They each have a playing card sticking to the drying blood on their riddled bodies. **Each card is the same: the deuce of spades.**

OFF PANEL: (ABOVE) I AM **SPREADING** THE TERROR.

PAGE TWELVE

PANEL ONE

We see bloody playing cards lying on a tabletop. They're the same as the ones Bane dropped on the bodies. And there's a half dozen of them. A martini glass and an ashtray lie by them.

OFF PANEL: WHAT **ARE** THESE?

OFF PANEL: (LINKED) IS THAT **BLOOD**?

PANEL TWO

The Penguin stands at a table in a warehouse loaded with goods. A chippie is by him making an "ew" face. Some of his mooks are here with him.

PENGUIN: DIS**GUSTING**.

MOOK 1: OUR PEOPLE ARE BRINGIN' 'EM IN FROM ALL OVER.

MOOK 2: SOMEBODY'S CAPPIN' PLAYERS AND MARKIN' THEIR KILLS.

PENGUIN: "ALL OVER"? CAN YOU BE MORE **SPECIFIC**?

PANEL THREE

The mooks.

MOOK 1: COMIN' FROM THE EAST SIDE THROUGH LO-BOY, BANDIDO AND DEMONZ TURF.

MOOK 2: IT'S **TWO-FACE**, PENGUIN.

PANEL FOUR

Penguin holds a card up in his gloved hand. He holds it gingerly in pinky and thumb. He looks at it as though it might speak.

PENGUIN: WE'RE MEANT TO **THINK** IT IS.

PENGUIN: SOMEONE'S BAITING AND SWITCHING, BOYS.

PANEL FIVE

Downshot of Penguin leaning on the table looking at the cards.

PENGUIN: SOMEONE **ELSE** IS LOOKING AT "THE BIG PICTURE".

PENGUIN: AND THEY'RE LOOKING TO SHIFT THE BALANCE OF POWER. AND IN **THIS** TOWN---

PAGE THIRTEEN

PANEL ONE

Close-up of Two-Face shouting angrily. The background behind him is filled with gunfire SFX.

CAPTION: "--THAT WILL BE **CHILD'S** PLAY.

TWO-FACE: CAN'T A GUY CATCH A COUPLE OF **ZEES** AROUND HERE?

SFX: **BLAMBLAMBLAMBRAAAAATTTABLAM**
viip!viip!vinng!vip!vip!

PANEL TWO

LARGE PANEL

Two-Face stands angry in a robe that has the same bifurcated design as all of his other clothing. Members of his gang are at a window blasting away at enemies outside. Bullets have riddled the room and blasted out the windows. A few arrows and crossbow bolts stick in the walls and window frames as well. Two of the thugs are twins dressed identically. Two-Face stands oblivious the gunfire going on around him.

TWIN 1: IT'S AN **AMBUSH!**

TWIN 2: LOOKS LIKE **STREET DEMONZ!**

TWO-FACE: **DOUBLE CROSSERS!** WE HAD AN **UNDERSTANDING.**

TWIN 1: IF WE HAD A TRUCE IT'S **OVER**, BOSS!

PANEL THREE

Twin 2 catches a bullet and flies backwards. Twin 1 turns to him in shock.

TWIN 2: unnh!

TWIN 1: **STAN!**

PANEL FOUR

Twin 1 crouches over his fallen brother. Two-Face stands over them.

TWIN 1: STAN'S **DEAD.**

TWO-FACE: THAT'S TOO **BAD**, FRAN.

TWIN 1: THANKS, BOSS.

PANEL FIVE

Upshot of Two-Face snarling.

TWO-FACE: I MEANT TOO BAD FOR **ME**, DOOFUS.

TWO-FACE: YOU'RE NO LONGER A MATCHED **PAIR.**

PAGE FOURTEEN

PANEL ONE

Two-Face leans from the shot-out window shouting angrily. His hoods stay under cover as more projectiles strike all around. Two-Face has a machine gun in his fists now.

TWO-FACE: (SHOUTING) **YOU MISERABLE MUTTS!**

TWO-FACE: (SHOUTING) **YOU'LL DIE FOR THIS!**

PANEL TWO

Street Demonz, in their gang colors, fire their weapons from the ruins around city hall. Two-Face is at a window high on one bullet riddled wall and shouts at them. Remember that the clock-tower of City Hall fell over back in CATAclysm. The best ref for Gotham City hall is in ROBIN #18.

TWO FACE: (SHOUTING) **YOU'LL DIE BEGGING FOR SECOND CHANCE!**

TWO-FACE: (SHOUTING) **DOUBLE CROSSING MUTTS!**

PANEL THREE

A Street Demon turns from the fray as the others duck gunfire that skips across the ruins around them.

DEMON 1: MAN, HE'S BLOWIN' OFF A **LOTTA** AMMO AT US.

DEMON 2: HE CAN'T DO THAT **FOREVER**. THEN WE GO IN AND--
OFF PANEL: YOU GUYS NEED SOME MUSCLE?

PANEL FOUR

The Demonz look down from the rubble where a group of Eightballs stand in their 8BALL jackets standing with weapons in hand.

DEMON 2: **YOU** GOT A BEEF WITH DENT?

EIGHTBALL: OFFED SOME BROTHER EIGHTBALLS OVER ON **SHUMP** STREET.

DEMON 2: COME ON AND **GET** A PIECE THEN.

PAGE FIFTEEN

PANELS ONE through FIVE

Slice panels showing urchins of varying age (but keep 'em under 12) and gender and race wandering the empty streets and rooftops calling out through cupped hands. Dystopic town criers.

URCHIN 1: **CALLING THE BATMAN!**

URCHIN 2: **BATMAN! BATMAN!**

URCHIN 3: **MESSAGE FOR THE BATMAN!**

URCHIN 4: **YO, BATMAN!**

URCHIN 5: **BAAAAAATMAAAAAN!**

PANEL SIX

Largest panel on the page.

An urchin looks up in surprise as twin bat-shadows fall over him.

OFF PANEL: (ABOVE) WHAT IS IT?

URCHIN 6: (SMALL) whoa.

URCHIN 6: (LINKED) YOU REALLY **ARE** REAL.

PAGE SIXTEEN

PANEL ONE

Batman and Batgirl loom over the urchin.

BATMAN: MAKE IT FAST, SON.

URCHIN 6: THE puh-puh-PENGUIN. HE WANTS T'**SEE** YOU.

BATMAN: I'VE BEEN TOLD. ON YOUR **WAY**, SON.

PANEL TWO

Batgirl and Batman as the kid runs like hell away from them.

BATGIRL: DO YOU THINK IT'S **TRAP**?

BATMAN: **THIS** WOULD HAVE BEEN THE TRAP.

BATGIRL: AND WHAT IF IT **WAS**?

PANEL THREE

Batman turns to her.

BATMAN: SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO MAKE YOURSELF A TARGET
TO FIND THE HUNTER.

BATGIRL: THIS IS **COBBLEPOT**. NOT YOUR OUTSIDER.

BATMAN: BUT THE PENGUIN IS **CALLING** ON ME.

PANEL FOUR

Batman in close-up looking grim.

BATMAN: IMAGINE WHAT WOULD **CAUSE** HIM TO DO THAT.

BATMAN: SOMETHING'S ABOUT TO BREAK.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

PANEL ONE

A shot of the ruined Gotham skyline. It is dark against the night sky.

FROM SKYLINE: ALL GOES AS PLANNED.

FROM SKYLINE: (ELECTRONIC SMALL) THIS IS A FINE GAME WE PLAY, BANE.

PANEL TWO

Bane crouches on the edge of a rooftop with a cell phone to his ear. It looks ridiculously tiny in his huge fist. The gatling gun leans nearby. Ladonna is lugging that steel case to a place near him.

ELECTRONIC: (SMALL) IT IS A GAME LOST OR WON IN THE DETAILS.

BANE: I KNOW WHAT IS AT STAKE. I KNOW WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE.

ELECTRONIC: (SMALL) KEEP ME INFORMED.

BANE: WE WILL SPEAK AGAIN WHEN I HAVE ACHIEVED YOUR DIRECTIVE.

PANEL THREE

Ladonna is seated on the rooftop and leaning back exhausted on the case. Bane is folding the phone closed.

LADONNA: THAT YOUR **BOSS**?

BANE: I **ALLOW** HIM THAT ILLUSION. IT SUITS ME.

BANE: FOR **NOW**.

PANEL FOUR

Bane picks up the gatling gun.

BANE: BUT THE PRIZE I WIN I WIN FOR **BANE**.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

PANEL ONE

Bane walks away and Ladonna grimaces as she stands looking down at the steelcase.

BANE: THERE IS MORE WORK TO BE DONE.

LADONNA: (SMALL) *CHALE!*

LADONNA: **WHAT** WORK? GETTIN' EVERYBODY **MAD** AT EACH OTHER?

BANE: **NOT** AT EACH OTHER--

PANEL TWO

LARGE PANEL

A mob of mixed hoods and thugs and mooks and creeps come toward us over the rubble armed to the teeth. There's Lo Boyz , Street Demonz, Falsefacers, Eightballs, White Wolves (a white supremacist bike gang), Bandidos and others. They carry blazing torches and look like they mean business. A Street Demon is in the foreground calling out.

CAPTION: "--MAD AT **ONE** MAN ONLY.

DEMON 1: (SHOUTING) **DENT!**

DEMON 1: (SHOUTING) **GET YOUR UGLY HALF-A-BUTT OUT HERE!**

PAGE NINETEEN

PANEL ONE

Two-Face shouts from his window. He's in a tattered shirt with a ballbat in his fist. His mooks look bad. Many are wounded. Bodies of them are draped at the windows as sandbags like Fort Zinderneuf. The place is even more shot up than before.

TWO-FACE: WHY DON'T **YOU** COME **INSIDE**?

TWO-FACE: I'LL TAKE YOU ON **TWO** AT A TIME!

TWO-FACE: **YAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!**

PANEL TWO

Demon 1 speaks as various gangbangers hold arrows to the torches held by their buddies.

DEMON 1: YOU **PLAYED** YOUR HAND, DENT!

DEMON 1: **NOW YOU FRY!**

PANEL THREE

A shot of flights of flaming arrows arcing from the ruins around city hall.

PANEL FOUR

Two-Face laughs madly like Cagney at the end of WHITE HEAT. The room is aflame with flaming arrows stuck in the walls and floor. His mooks are clambering away in panic.

TWO-FACE: **HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!**

PAGE TWENTY

PANEL ONE

We're looking over the inert forms of a bunch of the mooks we saw with Penguin earlier. We can see Pengie seated coolly at his table. His chippies has leapt up in startlement.

PENGUIN: YOU KNOW...

PENGUIN: YOU DON'T NEED TO MAKE AN ENTRANCE **EVERY** TIME.

PANEL TWO

Batman and Batgirl step over the inert mooks.

BATMAN: I KNOW YOU ENJOY A BIT OF **THEATER**, OSWALD.

BATGIRL: YOU WANTED TO TALK? **TALK**.

PENGUIN: A VERY **STRIDENT** YOUNG THING, AREN'T WE?

BATMAN: GET ON WITH IT.

PANEL THREE

Penguin walks to a large wall map of Gotham with the turfs marked off.

PENGUIN: SOMEBODY IS SETTING UP HARVEY DENT.

PENGUIN: THEY'VE HIT GANG TURFS AND NEUTRAL ZONES LEAVING HIS MARK.

PANEL FOUR

Penguin points at the map. There are pins to show the gang hits. Two-Face's zone has 2FACE written on it in marker. It is the largest turf on the map.

PENGUIN: THEY START HERE IN THE EAST AND MOVE TOWARD HIS ZONE.

PENGUIN: THEY FOLLOW A PATTERN LEADING TO--

PANEL FIVE

Penguin reacts in surprise as a batarang strikes the map near where his finger was and sticks like a dagger.

PENGUIN: OH MY.

SFX: tunk!

PAGE TWENTY ONE

PANEL ONE

Penguin turns to them in annoyance.

PENGUIN: SHOW OFF.

BATGIRL: IT WAS **ME**.

BATGIRL: WHOEVER'S DOING THIS, AND I'M NOT ELIMINATING **YOU** AS A SUSPECT, IS DRAWING THE FIGHT **AWAY** FROM HIS TARGET.

PANEL TWO

Batgirl has her hand on her batarang to pull it from the wall. Penguin looks at her in admiration (and NOT of her detective skills).

BATGIRL: THEY'RE AIMING EVERY GANGBANGER TO DENT'S FORTRESS AT CITY HALL.

BATGIRL: AND FORCING HIM TO CONSOLIDATE HIS FORCES IN DEFENSE THERE AND **AWAY** FROM THIS SECTOR.

PENGUIN: AND **SMART** AS WELL, MY DEAR.

PANEL THREE

Penguin takes a drag on his cigarette.

PENGUIN: BUT TO WHAT **END** IS ALL THIS CHICANERY?

PENGUIN: WHO **BENEFITS**?

PANEL FOUR

She's pulled the batarang from the wall. Batman stands behind her looking at the map thoughtfully.

BATMAN: THEY'RE CLEARING THE WAY FOR SOMETHING.

BATGIRL: BUT I'M NOT SURE **WHAT**.

BATMAN: WE'LL CHECK IT OUT OURSELVES.

PANEL FIVE

A detail shot of an area of the streetmap. The hole in the map from the batarang is in the center of a city block marked HALL OF RECORDS.

OFF PANEL: DON'T BOTHER TO SEE US **OUT**, OSWALD.

PAGE TWENTY TWO

PANEL ONE

Downshot of the actual Hall of Records. It's a neo classical pile of marble that takes up an entire city block. It's quake damaged. Around the arched and columned entrance is a barricade of derelict cars and sandbags.

OFF PANEL: WHAT'S THAT, ESE? THE LIBERRY?

PANEL TWO

Bane stands in a ruined building at a window and looks through binoculars. Ladonna is seated on that steelcase she was carrying behind him.

BANE: IT IS THE HALL OF RECORDS. IT HOLDS ALL OF THIS CITY'S UGLY MEMORIES AND MINOR DETAILS.

LADONNA: NO **MONEY** IN THERE?

BANE: IT IS FULL OF TREASURES MORE **VALUABLE** THAN MONEY.

PANEL THREE

Downshot through the binocs of two of Two-Face's guys manning a heavy machine gun at the entrance of the Hall.

TAILLESS BALLOON: APPARENTLY SENOR DENT **SHARES** MY OPINION.

PANEL TWO

Two shot of Bane and Ladonna as he shoulders his gatling gun. She leans on the ledge to look down.

LADONNA: SO YOU GONNA **ROB** THAT PLACE?

BANE: I AM GOING TO **LEVEL** IT.

BANE: NO STONE SHALL STAND UPON ANOTHER.

CONCLUDED IN DETECTIVE #____